

Loose Ends
(caviat emptor)
AJ David

I

Doctor please administer the anesthetic. Couple cc's of cherry pie, leave em in a blue dream. He's losing steam. Put this to your lips, take a sip, then swallow, show you things, many dreams, including hope for your tomorrow. Welcome to the Hospital Patmos.

We found another who escaped the contamination, been watching for awhile and being patient. Tested our patience, wanted to push the button, all of a sudden, but I'm glad to say, look what grace did. You no longer have to stay hid, share your story. Speak the truth, I AM the proof, the I Am, is with you surely.

But before we let you go, there's one thing you need to know. This was just the prelims, there's one thing that's got to go.

It's started wars, disease and confusion, limits perspective, it's the greatest allusion. The personal pronoun, "I", yeah, we own it. People speak of me so frequently, and misrepresent unintentionally. Without knowing, blocking blessings, spreading curses.

Trade your big "I" for a little one. And watch your world begin to become perfect.

The Cunning L

Speaking in tongues, cunning linguist, sword sharp, and long.

Diction is the prescription, going switch the rhythm, little man in the boat, swing wide you heavenly gates, this ain't no joke.

Character

Developed camo as to avoid those who can't stand those with joy. For years been annoyed, had to hide my smile. Take me for a fool, shed for tools, laugh it up, rib broken, no Jokin, a simple token, f* with me, not a joke.

Travel to different planets, learning new languages, being a janitor, and setting up stages.

Fly on the wall, secret meetings Wall Street,

Private profiteers, pimping the vulnerable.

House of Cards built on half truths, and assumptions...

Learning languages as strange it is.

They look at me strange, because the enormity, and entirety of me blows out their box, knocks em off their socks. Corporation willingly submitted, no hostile take over. Gave up to gain what I couldn't lose. Jim and Elizabeth, no fool.

Free from Chippetto, the puppet from the ghetto, from the screen to the bevel, Koch brothers we on another level. No longer can I be tried and denied, raped, and chastised, because of the codes. The secret has been exposed. I'm publicly private, or privately public, so many, mini me's close or kin to me, I got that hope, you probably want to be a friend of me. Damn, that's dhope!

Words spoken in riddles, disguise those who seek to over analyze, and capitalize, IV in your vein, no wonder I feel drained. Slavin just to maintain trying to compromise, but this Petite Apartied, is so thick, I'm swimming in it. That's cool, I've been blessed by the heaven sent.

Showed me all the facets of my corporation, cleared my thoughts up. LLC, don't look at me. I'm grateful to my Soul's Proprietor, the one who took me by the hand and opened the door. I'm excited to have such a close friend. I want to tell the world, but keep you a secret like the numbers of my eH, I, In. All this because the dream of the King. To embrace the color of my skin, and to be judged by my words and the content of my character.

The Pauper servant boy, a child at heart from the start as he always seemed annoyed. Why is such a rush. Slow down focus. Why are you seeing things no one else sees. For the first time, I open my mouth and tale my tale with intricate rhythm, and clever word play. In hopes that the wrath of the most high's wrath will relent. The street rat, evolved into a prince, all in search of the heaven sent. I was'nt born with class sophistication, elegance, and understanding. But that's no excuse. The other suitors had more money, and more, handsome and more famous. Going crazy in my mind, cuz I knew all the time, that no body could love her like I can. So I went into every arena, took my time, moved sand a pebble at a time, and in time, I gained the skills, the tools, that I used to build our house on the rock. Not just for us tho, we want to heal the block.

Demons have wings too

Fundraising for ideologies, half truths, narratives of division, do whatever it takes to get paid, cuz I thought no one is paying attention. Propaganda, sharing falsehoods, spewing slander. Character assassinations, it's real...., or is it? Tea Party, Democrat, Republican, Liberal, Conservative, so much division. Right wing, left wing useless if they don't flap on one accord. They can do wickedness at light-speed, while others trapped at lights. So to be humbled, you must be forced to submit and be humbled by the power of THE ALMIGHTY.

Baal-Out

I am Cain making due with expendable offerings

I am the returning prophet returned home having to sell my gifts to unknown gods.

Dagon Bowed, who the fuck is Moleck, it's obvious they serve Baal. Any human blood sacrifice is demonic. Especially when you get afforded with the opportunity to "reset" without any real impunity.

I guess that's why they call it a "Baal-out".

Get outta jail free card

Private resorts and time/space after your biggest fuck-up, putting the burden on the backs of small business owners, employees, self-employed, retired, fixed-income, and the poor.

I'm just not over it.

Somebody has to pay for this shit!

Done

You spent. You are spent.
I invest, so blessed.

Used to be afraid of inking pen to pad. Afraid of what might happened if my words and true sentiments were discovered. But I remembered that old niggas don't read. You say you don't understand, but play judge instead of asking the judge for understanding. You rather stand under your master. You refuse to see what this moment really is. Always said you loved me, wanted to spend time, but you chose to spend your time at work, just like in the past, just like now. Wonder why I'm only here as a ghost for the young prince. Wonder who I learned it from. I can't take care of myself huh? I hope you realize that this is the last time we will ever. No funeral cuz I don't celebrate the dead who are better off dead. More valuable dead. Contemplating alibi's, decided to just stick to that fire.

Your unbelief is unmatched. Your hypocrisy is unrivaled. Always in church, close to the church, feasted on the Word, but chose to be a fraud, and serve a false god. Don't read the Bible, cuz you have no discernment, question my wisdom and understanding, God is the judge.
I'm done

I ain't givin up Shit

Spent my life searching for truth. Gave my credit score, my labor, my emotions, my spirit, my fear, my sweat, my tears. When I finally discovered truth and gained understanding, they didn't want to hear it. She said she loved me, all the while hedging her bets. I went all in burned the ships. She played nice as long as everything was alright. But when times got rough, I became the scapegoat. Called all sorts of names, absorbed the punches took the blame. Is this what it is America?

The land of the free..

Invisible Kings got us under Martial law, need permission, have to pay taxes for things that are inalienable rights. Courts are as only as good as your wallet or associations. Ass backwards corrupt nation. I got the throne, wasn't an accident. It was just Destiny that Manifested. 2 terms, yeah right, these nigga's gon learn tonight. Arming your army with defective arsenals. We hit your world with an Act of God, do the impossible. Like Jay prophesied, it's the takeover. Breaks over.

I ain't givin up shit.

I Die Daily

In a system rooted in out of control capitalism, sheeple do things unfathomable even for the Animal Kingdom. Love and respect based on what you can do for me. No altruism. Way too many "not so" hidden agenda's. Misperception is the directive. Trusting invisible strangers for your basic needs. Told when and where to eat, sleep, say, how to speak, and behave. Selling your soul giving up control. The wave of Willie Lynch mobs got em fearing, forgetting who the I AM created. Collective and individual responsibility devastated. Got em rushin to needles and played out steeples for inception injections. No longer concerned with fools. Let them do what it do. Let them discover their own truth. I know the real rules. I don't fear the illusion of death, cuz I die daily.

Im just not ready

To be as transparent as I can based on where I am at this moment,

“Im just not ready”

I like to keep things simple.

The Golden Rule

The One with the Gold Rules

You’ve proven that you cannot be trusted with power or record keeping

You have enslaved people, executed people, hung people from trees, separated families,

Injected poison into:

veins

Lungs

Brains

Minds

Food

Water

Communities

Music

Culture

Heritage

Ecosystem world

Too many people have sacrificed way too much and quite frankly,

Im just not ready.

I’ve walked the tightrope, held my tongue, held my temper, excused your ignorance,

Gave you space to be you, and let you experience for yourself what you wanted to see.

For many it was truth. You got truth, and you communicate a truth that can only be understood by a few. The Elect, The House of Representatives.

Loose Ends

So grateful for the opportunity to tie up loose ends. So called family, fake friends, regardless of how much money, status, or credentials, building their lives on loose ends. Working to build other's business, judging, focused on others business, planks in their eyes so big, they can't see their loose ends. Steadily purchasing stock in a Carbanaro flavored illusions. Working with all their might to protect bullshit institutions. I Escaped the flood in Austin and in Houston. Healthy as ever, words so potent, so clever, got the answers, got truth, got proof, but for some reason, they still don't have a clue. If you don't love me now, you never will. I ain't got shit for you, figure it out for yourself. Self-made, self-paid thanks to Elohim. The hand of the almighty had to step in. Cuz if it were up to you, let's face it, we both know the truth. How you treated and judged the kid. What's done in the dark, they're afraid because wicked ones don't want the spotlight shining on their deeds and hearts. Everything is God's, you were just a steward of his grace and mercy. Fuck the pretension, there is no justification. I get to be me all the time, you get to stay a slave, until the debt has been paid. With that being said, I'll leave you to your loose ends.

Ms. Untitled

Fuck you and yo mamma.

Tell the truth, you've been fucked, Id rather fuck you mamma

You got babby pussy,

Mamma swallow garden hose

Show Me State

A stubborn and obstinate people. A wicked nation always asking for a sign. Cynics playing critics, sitting on judgement's seat. Placing faith in illusions, sacrificing life and sovereignty. Living a life of mediocrity. No faith, just believing in the limited things that you see. Disrespected, and rejected the elect, being lead by babies. Limited leverage, thinking you are free. They were never worthy of me. Tried to be the paraclete, now that season is over. Ruwach fierce judgement, and if their lucky cold shoulder. Another 40 in the wilderness? Not sure, not my call to make. But this journey with you, I refuse to take. Going to the promised land, learned from Moses! Not missing my blessing because of your witchcraft and hocus pocus. I'm focused on mine. Focus on mind, you niggas can grind, stay on your grind. Go back to Egypt, work for Pharaoh. Soon or later you'll realize that Pharaoh is me. Work hard all you like. Give up your life, cuz His Majesty won't allow you to ruin his eternal garden. No beg your pardon. You will have to serve the Son. The only one who will prevent total judgement. As for me, you tore your drawls. Expendable offerings, closed doors, or nothing at all. Don't want your fake ass praise, as it is stained with contempt. With their words the cursed, and pushed away the heaven sent. Keep your shitty lives, I'm breaking ties, as for salvation, you have to appeal to someone higher. I excuse myself from the room. If it were up to me, mass reset, thank the Omnipotent for grace and a pardon.

Transient

She's beyond science, and the divisions and schisms, let's keep it simple, in the end, we are all organisms.

She's beyond math because the real task is if you can add the facts, count the cost, invest attention without drawin attention, and provide the right prescription...

She curves and bends the world with her Masterful Word / Non-Wordsmanship

She thinks from the hip, and ain't afraid to shoot,

For the most part don't get to shoot or brandish the pistol,
Because she has to be careful with that kind of truth.

She's beyond logic and reasoning, as faith and resolve prove a much more potent force

She's beyond physical spiritual, emotional, survival, always arrival
Right on time

Faith/Love is Blind

Vashti

I understand the demands of being the unseen. Others don't understand as as the tablet states, they walk around in a dream. The daughters of men are little girls living idle fantasies. Instead of sovereignty, they hunt for those looking for sympathy, someone to help meet their needs. Instead of trusting in Elohim, they look for him to provide a minimized life of their dreams. I find it unsettling, but it is what it is. Illiteracy and fear of communication causes insecurity and let's face it, linear thinkers live lives that are basic. Not quite sure why I am such a threat to if you the truth. A ghost making threats to the elect, unknowingly showing disrespect and writing a check with insufficient funds. In all honesty you work for me, providing for my son. You have no idea who He is, the Kingdom Kid. This time, I'll pardon your ignorance. It's not your fault. It is what it is. Just be aware you are on a short leash. Speak reckless again, the truth you will see.

As for the daughter of men, you get what you choose. Ingratitude, and narrow vision, got you causin division amongst the brethren. From one illness you have been forgiven. Slandered and defamed my name, took my healing, willingly trapped by the glass ceiling, don't know why mediocrity is so appealing? Tell the Eunuch about our business, wonder if you told him what you said about my appearance? Highly doubt it. But it is what it is, you've chosen your home. As for me, I'm headed to the throne. With your own words, asked to be left alone. Such is the fate of Vashti.

Eulogy

Submerged in a myriad of emotions. First I have to consider my survival when the law is looking for any excuse to lock me up. Beyond that we have the facts. We once shared a love for each other that broke so many chains. We made fools of those naysayers who said it was impossible. We shattered old paradigms, often without a pair of dimes to rub together. We weathered so many storms, conquered new territory, and partnered together to bring forth life. All too often, all we had was each other. My hope, my reason for being, my confidant, my sin eraser. A part of me aches as I wanted it to work more than anyone could imagine. I know that much of it is pride.

About the young prince, a mixed bag. That boy took so much from me. Prayers and tears were more pleasant than desperation and fear. When everything in your world is proclaiming death, found out that the best thing to which I could cling was the omnipotent WORD of the King.

I set before you life and death, blessings and curses. I emphatically chose life. Life for my wife and my son! A cheerful heart is good medicine. I know the plans I have for you declares the Lord, plans to prosper you, not to harm you. Plans to give you hope and a future. It's evident whose report I believe. Others talk, I rolled up my sleeves, believed in a future I couldn't see. Found the best healthcare facility, treated like a Queen, ushered our son into the land of the living. Praise be to the Almighty! El Shaddai as we have been blessed with more than enough!

And now the end is bittersweet! Grateful for your health and sovereignty. Not exactly how I thought it would be, I guess that's why understanding is the key.

Detachment

The great escape, forbidden love, forbidden drug. Forsaking it all for the hope of true love. So intoxicating, I couldn't wait. In a position to have it all, but I couldn't wait. Hurt one, now I'm the hurt one. I get it, no one escapes the law of reciprocity. Beyond the law, we still have some semblance of choice. I went all in several times, you wanted to escape every time. In my heart of hearts I knew you weren't mine for that season for that time, but I'm a thief. Just wanted to steal time. Wanted it to work, but at some point we stopped believing. Gave truth and truth, and proof, but it wasn't enough. Saw what happened to Vashti and gave a solemn warning. Your actions, inactions, words, and non-words too big a red flag signaling something alarming. You don't love me, at least like I love you. You don't love the King like I do. Say what you want, it's the truth. Invested my resources into our mutual healing, trying to build a foundation. But we began as forbidden fruit, so I guess that is how it ends. Everything is my business let's not pretend. Escape overseas, after the city of Angels. Abandoned, taken for granted, didn't want to work in tandem. Slave to family and other people's business. Get it how you live. Giving another my praise and affection, just wanted to be the man of your dreams, turned life into a nightmare. The Angelic Adversary, got my answer for this season. Like a love mercenary. Grateful for this moment of clarity, even when you couldn't be open, transparent and honest. I appreciate your time, and being a sounding board. But I'm done. I'm never hurting like this again anymore.